UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

How to Meet Life's Desperate Situations

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

A Visit to Tolstoy's Home

By DOROTHY WALTON

Some Genevan Findings

By DOREMUS SCUDDER

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ASSOCIATE EDITORS

FRANCIS NEILSON LOUIS L. MANN CURTIS W. REESE

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John Haynes Holmes — Francis Neilson
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME CIV | MONDAY, DECEMBER 9, 1929 | NUMBER 12

A NEW JERUSALEM—1929

(Headline: "Machine Guns Enforce Peace in Jerusalem." N. Y. *Herald-Tribune*, September 10, 1929)

Upon a lonely island, long ago,
One caught a vision of that world to be,
The new Jerusalem; and reverently,
Its glory painted. That was long ago.
"The gates of it shall not be shut by day
For there shall be no night there. They shall bring
The Nation's glory into it,"*—so ring
The wondrous words.—Jerusalem, "by day."

Ay, that was long ago; behold the shame
Done to Jerusalem. Today her gates,—
Jaffa, Damascus,—closed, while o'er each waits
The dread machine-gun posted to her shame!

* * * * * *

City of Peace! Weep, weep your bitter story:
Machine-guns are become "the Nation's glory!"

THERESA L. WILSON.

*Revelations: XXI, 25, 26.

By the time this editorial is printed, Congress will have met in regular session, and the abortive special session will be largely and happily forgotten. The failure of the tariff will be bewailed by nobody, least of all by the gentleman in the White House. As a Republican and man of honor himself, he would of course have been pleased to see a successful piece of legislation giving the farmers some share in what is comically known as protection prosperity. Hence his message to the special session some weeks before its adjournment, asking for action in accordance with the party pledges! But the Old Guard produced an impossible bill, and its defeat displeases nobody but the tariff robbers of Pennsylvania and other industrial states in the East. What will come out of the regular session of Congress remains now to be seen. Much, perhaps everything, depends on the realignment in the Republican Party, so impressively evident in the complete overthrow of the Old Guard in the Senate, the formation of a so-called Young Guard in active support of Hoover's policies, and the triumphant organization of the western Progressives under the leadership of Senator Borah, the one most powerful man in the upper chamber today. Many short-sighted newspaper correspondents are citing these changes inside the Party as evidence of confusion and impending disintegration. On the contrary, they are changes inevitable in the readjustment of the Party from the leadership of Calvin Coolidge, who was wholly in the hands of the eastern reactionaries, to the leadership of Herbert Hoover, who knows his own mind, is master of his own administration, and who, within certain limitations of training and experience, is much in sympathy with progressive policies. The Republican Party, as it existed under Mr. Coolidge, never wanted Mr. Hoover for president. It would have gladly sidetracked him in favor of Mr. Curtis, or some other amiable nonentity. Once Mr. Hoover had gained the nomination, and then the election, reorganization of the Party was inevitable. It began in the executive offices, and it is now extending to the legislative halls. The Old Guard has died and surrendered both. In so far as the Republican Party can be liberal at all, it will be so now in Hoover's day.

The approaching visit to this country of Jan Smuts, former premier of South Africa, gives especial interest to his recent words on peace. Authority also is lent to these words by Smuts's long service to the cause of peace, especially at Paris in 1919 when he was second only to Woodrow Wilson in his labors for the League of Nations. The world will never forget, we believe, the address of this statesman, made on the eve of his departure for his home in 1919, when he commented bitterly on the Versailles Treaty, and instructed the nations as to what they must do if they would conquer war. Now Smuts declares that, if the disarmament conference next year is to be effective, it must deal with preparations for war not only on the seas but also in the air. The conference must limit the building not only of cruisers but of flying machines. For the next war, says Smuts, if it comes at all, is going to be fought in the empyrean. Cruisers and battleships will count for nothing. We discovered this fact at the late Washington Conference, when battleships were banned only because the nations had no desire to construct any more of these huge and useless leviathans. We shall discover it again if the January conference enthusiastically bans cruisers and does nothing about aeroplanes. For if disarmament means simply throwing away arms that nobody wants to use any more, then it is a farce, and should be so recognized. Jan Smuts has also made cogent comment upon President Hoover's plea for the immunity of food ships

in time of war. This idea stirs all of our best humanitarian instincts, but its futility is, or should be, manifest. For ages men have attempted to fight war by fighting its cruelties and horrors, only to see these enormities grow steadily worse with each passing generation. Even when forbidden, they return in wartime under the stress of battle. What we need to do, as Smuts well points out, and as we have consistently emphasized in these columns, is to attack war itself, and get rid of it. This done, everything else will follow.

It has always been our contention that the "free speech" issue in any city or town could be settled at once by the churches. These churches have platforms which no ignorant mayor or hard-fisted police officer dares to interfere with. When halls are closed to labor leaders, Socialist politicians, birth control advocates, let the churches open their doors and invite the banned speakers in. Such action would guarantee free speech in a single night! It is good to discover from the *Christian Register* that certain Unitarian churches have discovered this fact. Thus, a year and a half ago, Mrs. Bertrand Russell was barred by President Frank, of the University of Wisconsin, from speaking before a students' forum on companionate marriage and birth control. On this occasion the platform of the Unitarian church in Madison was hospitably offered to Mrs. Russell by vote of the trustees, and she lectured there to a crowded audience. More recently Miss Eleanor Brannan, Associate Secretary of the National Council for the Prevention of War, was objected to as an Armistice Day speaker at Milwaukee. Miss Brannan was wounded in the Great War while serving as a Y. M. C. A. official in the dangerous Verdun sector. Yet the American Legion and the Daughters of the American Revolution (of course!) denounced her, and she withdrew from the meeting. At this crisis the Unitarian church stepped forward, and invited Miss Brannan to make her speech within its walls. Miss Brannan accepted this invitation, and had the fun of scoring Milwaukee to its face as an intolerant city "obviously run by the American Legion and the D. A. R." We wonder where our Socialist brethren were during this fracas! The action of these Unitarian churches is to be commended. They were faithful to their own traditions of liberty. Now let other churches in other cities go and do likewise, and we shall hear nothing more of free speech. One open door in every town, and America will be as free as the authors of the Declaration of Independence intended it to be.

Does Christianity work—the extreme type of non-resistant Christianity? It seems to, whenever sincerely and bravely tried. We have report, for example, of a missionary and his family in China who have been seeing themselves through the existing situation of warfare and devastation in simple reliance upon their faith. Most of the other missionaries fled long since—all their families fled. This was done at the direct suggestion of American consular officers who placed reliance, as usual, upon gunboats and marines. But this missionary stayed, and so did his faimly! He writes (this was some time ago!):

> When the trouble came, we said that we were not willing to seek foreign protection in China, and for that reason refused to take our family to a port city. We said that we would stay on with the Chinese, or leave China. Each time an army has come in they have been much surprised to find a foreign family here. . . . When the armies through their officers have inquired why, we have said that we were against foreign troops being in China and were not willing to seek foreign protection. Having gone on record in this matter three or four years ago in a statement to the American government, we have had proof of the sincerity of our present stand. *The Nationalists have been emphatic in their approval, and have been fine in their treatment of us. We anticipate no trouble.*

Here is the practise of genuine Christianity, and, behold, it works. Just as it always works when a man divorces his life from self-seeking and aggrandizement, relies absolutely for security upon goodwill, and goes about doing good. Christianity united with armies and navies is one of the ghastliest failures in history—also, one of the most obscene farces! But Christianity in its own essential purity is as successful as it is beautiful. He who wields "the sword of the spirit" has a weapon that will not break.

Clemenceau died, as he had lived, a fighter. His virtues were all the virtues of the fighting man—courage, tenacity, brutality, ferocity. There was no gentleness in him—he drove women from his bedside in his last hours, and asked that he might meet his end in the company of men. He had no reverence for the higher qualities of the spirit—hence his cynicism in the face of ideals, and his scepticism for all methods but those of savagery. The world would be a place of terror if such persons were its only inhabitants. Fittingly named "the Tiger," Clemenceau made the place of his abode and action a jungle in which men rended one another's flesh for victory. Yet there seem, as this world goes, to be times when such ferocious men are needed. Who else could have met the Dreyfus case as Clemenceau met it? He it was who took up single-handed the cause of this Jewish captain exiled for treason to Devil's Island, and fought with an almost infernal madness for the release of the captive unjustly bound. He published a paper to serve this one cause alone, and in the columns of this paper published Zola's immortal letter, *"J'Accuse,"* which went around the world. This was knightly and heroic service. Magnificent also was Clemenceau's meeting of the war-crisis of 1917. We may hate war as we will, and recognize as we do the futility of victory. But as a sheer spectacle of human energy what can compare with this veteran's indomitable determination to save

France from defeat, except only his success in doing so? The very qualities, of course, which made him so fierce a warrior utterly unfitted him for the task of peace-making. His was the dominating force which went into the making of the Versailles Treaty, and his therefore the responsibility for the horrors of that document. One may admire the tenacity and fire of an aged man who proved himself more than a match for the idealism of Woodrow Wilson and the cleverness of Lloyd George, but one must admit that humanity paid an awful price for such a victory. Clemenceau belonged to the tribe of men who are never loved, and always feared. His own countrymen, quite as much as the foemen beyond the border, dreaded and hated him. In a better world such men will disappear, like the sabre-toothed tigers of the ancient day.

How to Meet Life's Desperate Situations

What shall we demand of our religion? To ask a question like that will probably seem in the minds of many persons the height of insolence. Religious institutions have never been accustomed to that sort of approach in the past, and any attitude which would appear to put them on the defensive naturally arouses resentment. From the very beginning religion has done the demanding, and not its followers.

In their classical form, the Ten Commandments are a typical example of the sort of thing religion has demanded of its followers. Add to this the exalted affirmation of some of the prophets: "What doth the Lord require of thee but to deal justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with thy God?" This was a refinement of the exactions of the Mosaic law; but still it is religion and not the adherents which does the requiring. Once again, the summary which Jesus proposed as the spirit of the law and prophets, that "thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and thy neighbor as thyself," is a noble demand, but onesided. To be sure no system has so disregarded the impulses of its adherents as to forget that everyone unconsciously expects some compensation, and so it is that we have elaborate promises of future bliss for the faithful and obedient.

It seems funny to think of religion in that way now. There is a change undoubtedly. The substance of it is that the time has now arrived when we are going to make a few demands for ourselves instead of permitting religion to make all of them. The boot is on the other leg. Entirely apart from any of the tolerance with which men have approached the religious institutions in the past, now they are rising up and declaring: "Here we are. You have told us that we are the sons of God. If that be the case, we demand that religion be of some value to us in facing these tragedies and disappointments with which these children of the Most High are confronted." In other words, if religion cannot justify itself in terms of its ability to meet the desperate situations of life, then its disappearance is merely a question of time.

What these desperate situations are in which we are demanding the assistance of religion is dependent very largely on one's environment and point of view. Of course, there are certain situations such as an overpowering sorrow, occasioned by the death of one who is very dear to us, or the breaking down of our own powers and personalities through physical or mental disorder, which are common to all. Religion ought to have something to say under such circumstances, and the fact that thousands of people have been flocking to the grave of an inconspicuous Catholic priest in Malden, Massachusetts, benefiting thereby through the hysteria which has been engendered, is evidence that these demands upon religion are not to be suppressed even though they may assume the most extraordinary forms.

Once again, what has religion to say, and how can it help us in the presence of some great crisis which strikes at the heart of a particular family in which dishonor has brought the whole structure crashing to the ground? One may even go so far as to ask whether religion can help when the material possessions which have required the labor of a lifetime to accumulate suddenly disappear. Of course there are plenty of panaceas. The Catholic Church is one such panacea. Protestantism, spotted with many sects which promise an easy solution, is another.

As over and against these panaceas, certain demands which we may reasonably make of our religion are becoming constantly more articulate. These demands are somewhat as follows: First, we demand that religion commit itself to the free communication and expression of ideas, as indispensable in the solution of all our difficulties. It seems strange to suggest anything so intangible as this as having any relationship to our personal problems. But when Professor John Dewey, on the event of his seventieth birthday indicated some of those factors which seem to him indispensable elements of happiness, he placed this factor of the free communication and expression of ideas at the head of the list. Socrates said that an unexamined life is not worth living. Not alone the voice of the church is speaking to us today. Not alone do the controlling ideas of life come through ancient scripture, but these ideas which every person needs to get hold of are being worked out in the great laboratory of life, in far-away Siberia, and China, and even in Antarctica. Happi-

ness does not flourish in an atmosphere of suppression or negation. The human mind is a very sensitive organ which leaps over all boundaries, and he does his fellows a very doubtful service who closes the avenues of free commerce in ideas.

In the second place, we may reasonably demand of religion that it come to our assistance in the control of our emotional lives. Of all the emotions which dominate life for better or worse, perhaps the most powerful is fear. Numerous devices have been invented for the overcoming of these emotions and a technique has been developed whereby these devastating fears may undergo all sorts of transformations and emerge as assets to our spiritual life, instead of liabilities. Religious leaders of today are recognizing increasingly the need of familiarizing themselves with these laws of mental control, and are recognizing the need of interpreting them in terms of religious values. When one of the new testament writers declared that perfect love casteth out fear, he was not dealing in sentimentalism. He was forecasting one of the most vital discoveries of our time.

A third demand which we make of religion in the successful conquest of our desperate situations is to give us something to do. This seems like a very trite observation. The unhappiness of a good many people grows out of the fact that they do not like their work. But most people who have passed through the experience will tell you that it is a great deal better to have a job that you don't like than not to have any job at all. Unquestionably one of the vital factors in this whole matter is the new economic status of women. While the modern woman is finding herself there is bound to be a lot of confusion. And among those who are too far along in life to map out their career there is bound to be bitter disappointment. But it is an inevitable tendency pointing to an increasing measure of human happiness. Under the conventional approach of religion labor was regarded as the primal curse placed upon men. We now demand of religion that it give its blessing instead of its curse to this vital element which assists us in finding our way through the tangled maze of life.

And then finally, we may reasonably demand of our religion that it assist us in the rediscovery of the inner life. Once again Professor Dewey has said that the greatest evil of American life is externalism. It is, of course, very easy for persons in comfortable circumstances to preach such a gospel as this, and it might reasonably be insisted that one of the most essential methods of meeting life's desperate situations is a good bank account. But in the final analysis, it seems increasingly recognized by intelligent leaders that the strength to meet these situations must come from within ourselves. It is perhaps a tendency not without its healthy elements in these times when social panaceas abound to declare that the world is either wonderful or dismal depending upon what we bring into it. What we bring to it is in a large measure controlled by our religion. Therefore do we demand of religion, the free communication and expression of ideas, that it bring to us some measure of control in our emotional life, encouragement in our part of the world's work, and finally, the nurture of every spark of vital energy which rises within us.

ALSON H. ROBINSON.

Jottings

With the death of the aged T. P. O'Connor, Mr. Lloyd George succeeds to the title of the "Father of the House of Commons." Thus does the proud premier of the extinct Liberal Party move one step nearer to retirement and the old men's home!

Zion's Herald (Methodist) announces that missionary receipts "for the twelve months ending October 31st were $814,649 *less* than for the same period a year ago." This is a significant sign of the times, and of religion. Less money than ever for religious work, because we must have more money than ever for new automobiles, the latest radios, and some stocks to gamble with on Wall Street!

Harry F. Sinclair, emerging from jail, declares in a statement to the public that he wants no sympathy. Mr. Sinclair need not worry. He will get none.

Fifty billions of dollars were lost in the recent stock exchange calamity. Unemployment is increasing so fast that bureaus and agencies are glutted with the helpless thousands who want jobs. Yet this country was never so prosperous. If you don't believe it, or can't see it in your own life, just read the newspapers and see what all the big financiers are saying. "Ask dad, *he* knows."

It gives one a large, expansive feeling to see the *Saturday Evening Post* printing articles about J. Ramsay MacDonald and the British Labor Party. We may soon see this paper featuring Norman Thomas and the Socialist Party.

We receive with interest the Indian paper, *Prohibition*. A reading of this journal shows that the Prohibition cause is in intelligent hands in India, and is making excellent progress in that great country.

J. H. H.

A Visit to Tolstoy's Home

[From Our Special Correspondent]

A windy, damp October evening. The South station in Moscow. Murky lights, people seething from trains and to trains, stumbling over the accumulated household goods of scores of travelling peasants using the station as temporary lodgings. In a corner a boy drowsing over his accordion, holding it as if he had fallen asleep in the act of playing a tune. A Rembrandt chiaroscuro background for the hurrying masses elbowing each other through to the tracks.

We hurry too, clambering over sleeping babies, bundles and birdcages, to the train going south to the Crimea. We are bound for Tolstoy's homestead six hours from Moscow. There are four of us, my husband, Mary Kelsey of Philadelphia and Sonia Tolstoy Yesenin, granddaughter of Russia's most internationally known author. Sonia is perhaps thirty, clear eyed, intelligent. She has poise and spirit but her calm face discloses none of the emotions which she must have experienced with all other Russians during the last twenty years.

We clamber into our "soft" shelves, four in a compartment, cover ourselves with our traveling rugs and doze until the porter helps us off the train into the pitch blackness of three A. M. We trapes alongside the train to the station barely able to see. A country station, similar in looks and smell to a stable, three peasants asleep on benches, a smoky light transforming them into great black lumps. Outside a wagon with two horses is awaiting us. We sit sideways on it, back to back, our feet hanging over the edges. A strip of waterproof stretched across our legs keeps us from being pitched off into the mud when the wagon takes a sudden lurch. It is drizzling and we find the waterproof scant protection from the mud which the horse kicks up from in front and the back wheels splatter from behind. Great woolly shadows loom up before us suddenly out of the blackness with ominous and startling shapes like Peter Pan's forest. Then we are upon them and they quite suddenly dissolve into trees and peasant cottages. Once the Czars and their courtiers traversed this same highway before the railroad came to be, saw the same shadows, and doubtless were jounced by similar ruts.

Finally come the two great white portals marking the entrance to "Yasnia Polyana" (Bright Meadows) the Tolstoy estate and we drive up through the avenue of trees to the white house, almost New England in its simplicity. There is a light at the back door and we find cots prepared for us where we gratefully spend the rest of the night.

The next morning it has stopped raining but it is still gloomy. Outside the window a hen is cheerfully looking for sustenance in the muddy back yard. A peasant woman empties the slops in her kitchen garden. A cat sidles along the edge of the cottage anxious to keep her fine fur from getting muddy. We breakfast from a samovar, pleasant companion for a raw autumn day.

Then rested and refreshed and with Sonia and her little seven-year old niece, also called Sonia, as our guides we start out to see the buildings and grounds of the estate. Since the Revolution the government has taken over the Tolstoy property and converted it into a state museum. Several of the family are employed as museum experts and guides which is a distinct advantage for the visitor, and two rooms in the Tolstoy house are allowed non-resident members of the family so that they may come and visit when possible.

We started off with the building which had first been used by Tolstoy as a schoolhouse for peasant children and later as a guest house. Now it is entirely a museum. Upstairs is the room of the old aunt who reared the motherless Leo Tolstoy, her fancy work, her ikon, her books. Other rooms are filled with pictures of Tolstoy at every age, of his eight children, of his sisters and brothers and grandchildren. Pictures of Tolstoy on horseback, playing tennis and at the plow in his beloved fields. Here are his garments, the linen blouse in which he was so familiar and in a last rather gruesome room, the funeral wreaths sent him at his death, the thousands of telegrams, the carriage in which, unable to tolerate the luxury of his home any longer, he fled in his eighty-second year to his sister in the convent. And finally in a last corner his deathbed picture in the upper room of the little railroad station where exhausted by the effort of running away he died.

In glass cases are the manuscripts which his wife had painfully to copy, scribbled often on printed forms, scribbled and crossed out and rescribbled.

A plain little museum but eloquent in its tale of Tolstoy's life and work.

From the museum we wandered down through the woods to Tolstoy's grave. Little Sonia scampered on ahead. "It's strange," said Big Sonia, "she knows the places where the strawberries grow and where the first spring flowers come just as we did when we were little and no one has told her."

Little Sonia had her own ways too of crossing the muddy paths without losing her rubbers. The autumn leaves rustled under our feet. The weeping birches dripped their yellow leaves down on us silently. In the midst of the woods we came upon a fenced in enclosure. The wooden gate was ajar. Inside in an opening between tall trees was a raised mound covered with ferns and pine boughs. "He chose this spot himself," Sonia explained. "His brother Nicolai who died when quite young was a child of great imagination. He told once how he had buried a stick on which he had written the secret of how to attain happiness. This was the place where the stick was supposed to have been put and my grandfather had always asked to be buried in this spot." A humble grave, alone in the woods, humble and alone as was Tolstoy in life.

On through the woods to the open spaces. Below the hill ran the stream where Tolstoy loved to bathe. Beyond were old forests and new—tiny birches springing up in place of the old. We tramped through one of the older birch woods which had been planted under Tolstoy's direction. In straight rows, long vistas of white trunks glistening with the recent rain, shedding their yellow leaves noiselessly.

Then to the village of Yasnia Polyana. A muddy road, not unlike those rural roads of France after the war had filled them full of shell holes. Little wooden houses with straw roofs, animal sheds of sod and straw and mud—acres of mud! We picked our way gingerly, hunting for the less perilous places to put our

feet. Up the road to the big white schoolhouse, built by the government to commemorate Tolstoy's centennial and where today a harvest festa is in progress. Alexandra Tolstoy, the favorite daughter of Count Tolstoy, is head of this institution which together with an industrial school in the vicinity is preparing 700 peasant children to take their place in modern Russian life. It is the only school in Russia which is allowed to omit from its educational program the teaching of militarism and of anti-religious propaganda. This the Soviet government has done in honor of Leo Tolstoy.

In a small auditorium with a stage we sit on long benches alongside peasant women, their heads tied in handkerchiefs, and their big booted husbands. They have come like proud parents the world over to see their children perform. But Russia hasn't had school festas very long. They are still a novelty and I should judge a great treat. A row of self conscious little boys and girls, their leaders clutching great sheaves of wheat, appear as the curtain is drawn and sing a song about the harvest. These are the primary children. Follow more songs and recitations by older brothers and sisters, propaganda songs glorifying this era of cooperative farms as against private enterprise, of machine-made bread as compared to the hand-threshed, hand milled variety. Finally a singing pageant of children acting out the parts of the new farm machinery. The mothers and fathers clapped—stolid Slavic faces shining with pride. Then they went home, wading through the mud to their primitive little huts.

The teachers, a fine, intelligent group of men and women, showed us over the school, explained methods and equipment, were proud of this school more advanced than most village schools. Certainly no country school in America could boast more advanced or intelligent teaching methods. In the best progressive sense it is undertaking to interpret an agricultural environment to its peasant children.

As we too plopped through the mud between the straggling row of peasant huts I wondered what the machine revolution would do to this village. Would it be an exchange of one slavery for another—robots for serfs—or was a new and joyful life really opening up for these long oppressed toilers in their still primitive setting. Interesting to conjecture what Tolstoy would think and say.

We dined in a peasant cottage and watched roast chicken and mashed potatoes come out of the recesses of one of those wonderful Russian stoves which at once serve for cooking, heating, and sleeping and even for steam baths. This was the best food we had had yet in Soviet land where the foreigner is confined to poor hotel diet at prices the Ritz would blush to charge. In the corner of the room was the inevitable ikon—an extremely neat little room, its sleeping quarters divided from its dining quarters by a curtain. A thousand times more dignified than the palace rooms of the late Czarina with their hideous collections of cheap postcards and holy pictures.

Then back through the "natural museum" of forest to the big white house where we had spent those early morning hours. Each dying tree on the grounds near the house is replaced by one of the same species in affectionate memory of Tolstoy's love for nature. Surrounding the house is a quadrangle of great lindens, a beautiful setting for the simple wooden homestead which has now become almost entirely a museum. The rooms in the house have been left exactly as they were the evening of Tolstoy's flight the summer of 1910. We are shown through it by his niece, Helen Denissenko, the daughter of that nun sister to whom Tolstoy was bound the night he left home forever. Here is his writing room with bookcases filled with his favorites. There are many of Charles Dickens, two copies of Sinclair's "Jungle," Jack London's novels, Walt Whitman, Jane Addams and hundreds of books in French, German and Russian. A wall separates his writing room and his wife's room so that he need only knock with his cane for her to come and take his manuscripts for copying.

There is the big family dining room and sitting room—the samovar in readiness on the table, Tolstoy's place at the head of the table set for a meal. In the corner is the round table about which the family gathered on an evening, the women sewing while they all discussed questions together. Up against the sidewall is chess table with the chessmen ready for action—eloquent reminder of the games Tolstoy played with his best friend Tcherkoff and his doctor. Tolstoy's bedroom with its plain little iron bedstead and wooden night table, Madame Tolstoy's room with pictures of her children and her ikon, for she always remained faithful to the church, all these are testimony of the homely life the Tolstoy family led. Curtains, rugs, beautiful china and furniture and even the modern conveniences of life had no appeal for Tolstoy. It is altogether a plain house, not offensively tasteless but certainly with no effort towards beauty or comfort.

As dusk grew to dark we persuaded Mme. Denissenko to open one of the two grand pianos in the family sitting room and play for us the Chopin and Grieg she used to play to delight her uncle. "He didn't like Russian music," she said, "only certain things" and she played a bit of Tschaikowsky. She apologized for what she thought imperfections. "My fingers are so swollen from rheumatism," she smiled, "I make mistakes." We were silent listening to the strains of Chopin preludes and waltzes, picturing the old man with the long beard and thoughtful eyes sitting nearby, grateful to find love and devotion honoring the memory of a great soul.

Mme. Denissenko kissed us all goodbye. "I like Americans," she said, wistfully. "You are so sympathetic."

Moscow, Russia. DOROTHY WALTON.

Transposition*

"The captains and the kings depart!"
To come again, alas!
Too long the word of faith and art
As evanescent grass.

Yet now War's wooden dagons fall,
Headless upon the floor;
And Peace sounds reveille to call
Fame's favored evermore.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

*On the death of Senator Burton.

Some Genevan Findings

The League of Nations has just given out its final installment of the Verbatim Record of the Tenth Ordinary Session of its Assembly. The Journal of the Assembly and its Committees was completed some weeks ago. Inasmuch as no one person can attend all the meetings of these various units because several of them may be in session simultaneously, in order to get a correct picture of the Assembly of 1929 it is necessary to read carefully both the daily *Journal* and the Verbatim Reports. This is no dry perusal of individual utterances but a most absorbing revelation of the best thought of the entire human family with reference to a number of its chief interests. When attendance at some of the more important meetings and a careful reading of these records are combined with personal interviews with some of the actors in this drama, a rather fair impression of the work accomplished last month at Geneva is obtainable.

Out of such an impression crystallizes a strong conviction that a genuine family consciousness is being steadily developed not only in the minds of the delegates but also in the soul of mankind generally. Geneva gives little evidence anywhere of a selfish provincial spirit conditioning the utterances of the League delegates or their decisions. For here humanity is learning to function as a unit. These representatives of 53 nations think and act as parts of a World State. Take for example the attitude towards the United States. Our smug selfishness in the matter of the war debts and in the repressive influence of our tariff upon the industries of sister nations is no more liked than it has been for years, but our increasing cooperation with the League in many features of its work has mitigated this ill feeling. Old Uncle Sam (especially his fondness for a David Harum trade) is being better understood and his failings discounted because of his sterling good qualities revealed in his services at the Reparation Conferences, in the anti-opium campaign, in world public health, in disarmament and crowningly in piloting earth's nations past the Scylla and Charybdis of security and sanctions into the goodwill harbor of the Peace Pact. Three years ago at the Seventh Assembly no evidence of the recognition of mitigating circumstances could be found in the general attitude of the League Powers toward America. We were frankly hated and no one took any pains to conceal the fact. But the Assembly of 1929 in almost a jocular way at times seemed to chorus, "How's Uncle Sam?" "He's all right!" "Who's all right?" "Uncle Sam!" The reparations agreement at the Hague and the Peace Pact were the two largest factors in engineering this change of sentiment.

The social equivalent of the old adage "As a man thinketh, so is he" is being enacted by the League of Nations in a fashion nothing less than startling. Win a group of men to mull over an ideal, however ludicrous or practically unattainable it may at first seem to them to be, and in time, presto, after the new truth the group goes like a flock of sheep following a bellwether. Disarmament is a case in point. Previous to this fall at their meetings the Disarmament and Preparatory Committees handled their business with a perfunctoriness quite in keeping with what seemed to them to be its *ignis fatuus* nature. When the Russian delegates attended and proposed to treat the question seriously, they were laughed out of court with a flippancy and discourtesy little short of outrageous. According to press reports America's observer on one occasion displayed unacountable acerbity and rudeness. But the axiomatic and inexorable logic of "The weaponless cannot fight," once admitted into the mind, did its inevitable work and by 1929 all over the Assembly small Powers and great found themselves demanding bona-fide disarmament. What with the MacDonald-Hoover intimate conversations, the Five Power Conference scheduled for January and Admiral Takarabe, Japan's Naval Minister, saying for the international public, "The Japanese Government will not be content with mere limitations by ratio but desires substantial reductions of naval armaments," the world is experiencing at this very moment a veritable floodtide on this superlative question. Who would have thought that the Italy of Mussolini, whose early braggings as dictator pictured a new Roman Empire of force and blood, could ever take any such stand in behalf of practical disarmament as her government has announced in accepting the invitation to Great Britain's conference?

Three years ago when Levinson's Outlawry of War proposal was slowly winning the support of Americans, Europe was having a hearty laugh at so quixotic a pipe dream. And lo, at Geneva in 1929 the most significant fact in current history was that more nations than were members of the League had actually agreed to the Pact of Peace, while the Powers were simply falling over one another to sign the Optional Clause engaging to submit all their justiciable disputes to the Permanent Court of International Justice.

It looks also as though that will-o-the-wisp Physical Force Security were doomed to death by inanition, now that Premier MacDonald in his great speech at Geneva has punctured its pretentions. The latest cure-all, financial assistance to a Power whom an aggressive nation is menacing with war, may appear to be galvanizing into apparent life this phantom of Security; but its days certainly seem ended in the face of the overwhelming demand for including the Peace Pact in the League Covenant and for amending that document by purging it of all war commitments.

Nothing was more astonishing at Geneva than the complete change of front in the anti-opium situation with the most recalcitrant Powers, including England, coming over to the side of a bona-fide tackling of the narcotic evil. Without doubt, this year's Assembly bids the world believe that the human family has already entered an era wherein great social ideals clearly stated so as to reach the ear of mankind are sure to be championed into actuality — a tremendous vantage to men keen-sighted enough to envision and brave enough to proclaim them.

If Prime Minister MacDonald's plea for using the Pact of Peace as a norm for perfecting the League Covenant was one mountain peak, Premier Briand's proposal for a United States of Europe was a companion summit. The Frenchman is a consummate orator and represents a precariously minded people. Hence he felt it necessary to qualify his fine advocacy of disarmament and of the Peace Pact with references to sanctions, security, financial assistance and punishment of offending nations, all of them the sort of thing that properly belonged to the League of 1920. His

oratory carried him through to the heartiest applause given anyone this year at Geneva. When it came to his culminating advocacy of an adequate remedy for the economic ills of Europe by creating a Customs Union, he awakened tremendous approval. How to do that nobody seems to know for the difficulties look insurmountable, but with all the Continental Powers centering their minds upon this to them a question of life or death, no one doubts that a way will be found.

Another figure stands out from among the giants of the Tenth Assembly with tragic significance and strangely moving power, Stresemann of Germany. His address, which, practically speaking, he rose from his deathbed to deliver, struck a mighty and most moving chord. The continued injustice of the condemnation of his race as solely responsible for the war, resting heavily upon him, was hurrying him to his grave, from the edge of which his summons to mankind to right the wrongs of Versailles is now reverberating throughout the earth. Some day, not far away let us hope, even France, the hero of the immortal Dreyfus episode, will hear this appeal and join with the other Powers in welcoming Germany back to her own.

It is impossible to attend such meetings as those which Geneva is staging from year to year or to read the details of the discussions in the Assembly and its committees without an ever deepening conviction of the value to the world of the lesser Powers. The why of this need not detain us now, though it lies inherent in their history, their circumstances and the make-up of their citizenry. They bring to the League the contribution of their point of view unconditioned by the mixed motives often operative in the minds of those greater Powers whose colonial and mandated complications dull their eyesight and dim their insight. In the progress of the League towards full democracy it is these lesser nations whose representatives are often found in the van. It was no accident but his own splendid contributions to Assembly discussions year after year that moved his colleagues to elect tiny Salvador's distinguished representative, M. Guerrero, to the presidency of this, the World's Parliament. Later when Great Britain's Prime Minister proposed that the dead wood be cleared out of the League Covenant and cited only two articles needing cautery, little Peru had the courage to present a resolution calling for like treatment of all the other articles which legalized certain types of war and as such violated the Peace Pact. A long list could be given of parallel instances where outstanding champions of the most valued proposals have hailed from smaller states. The cry that went up from a large group of these Powers for definite action in disarmament was one of the most impressive features of this year's Assembly session.

Some weeks ago one of the world's leading authorities on chemistry is said by the press to have written to the Chemical Society in response to the award to him of the Priestly Medal,

> The Chemical Foundation is ready to bear all expenses of any commission President Hoover may care to appoint to inquire into the vast possibilities of chemistry as an agent of peace, to the outlawing of war by its terrors and to the advancement of health and prosperity by its humane discoveries.

If in this rarely critical juncture of human history President Hoover should stage on a scale of magnitude in proportion to its importance in world life a gigantic demonstration of what the airplane and chemistry can do to naval vessels and in consequence the valuelessness of this type of armament, and if he should do it before the meeting of the Five Power Conference, would he not render an incalculable service to mankind and usher the human family one step farther into the era of perpetual peace? Surely no better use for the bevy of our outworn cruisers and other war vessels, which the press has annouced as fit only for dismantling, could be devised than to send them to Davy Jones' locker in demonstrating that chemistry and aviation have ended forever the day of naval warfare, and the need for fighting ships.

DOREMUS SCUDDER.

Geneva, Switzerland.

Gandhi's Program for India

[We publish herewith a remarkable address by Mr. C. F. Andrews, of India, as delivered at a meeting of the Foreign Policy Association, New York, last Spring, and printed later in Pamphlet No. 57 of this society. Mr. Andrews delivered this address in the course of a symposium on "India's Future," in which Mrs. Sarojini Naidu and Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe were the other speakers. Mr. Andrews was introduced on this occasion as "an Englishman who has lived for the last twenty or twenty-five years in India. Throughout India he is known as a friend of the poor, a man who knows India as perhaps no other Englishman in the world knows India."]

My own experience of India during the last twenty-five years has been chiefly connected with the village population rather than the towns—the ninety per cent of agricultural India, which still remains true to the land and lives on the soil. I speak today for that ninety per cent of the villagers of India, whom I know so well through intimate experience, when I say that every word that the last speaker, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, has said about the aspirations, the wishes, the desires of India for self-government and self-determination, is true. In the trains, in the villages, everywhere I have gone, I have heard from villagers' own lips the words, again and again, "When shall we get *Swaraj?*" The word *Swaraj* means "our own rule."

Let me assure those who are here that from my own experience India is well capable of governing herself in her own way. She has her own methods, she adopts her own principles in order to attain her end, but her end is always a moral and a spiritual end. The moral principle in India always predominates, because for centuries past her people have revered and even worshipped, more than anyone else, their moral leaders. And today it is a moral leader, Mahatma Gandhi, who is leading the people of India.

Let me give you very briefly his program. I wish you to see how practical it is and how suited to the situation. Then I shall try to show you how it can only be carried out truly by Indians themselves and in their own way. This is the method in which Mahatma Gandhi gives his program to the multitudes. (The speaker then held up his right hand before the audience.) Gandhi says: "Here is my hand. Here are the five fingers. Here is the wrist. Now, then, let us get the program." In this didactic manner he shows

even to the simplest villagers what he stands for and how he intends to lead the nation. He gives them his "five point" campaign in detail and they keep it in their mind owing to the symbol of the hand and its five fingers.

Let me give you the five fingers of the program, and then show you the force which bind them all together. Here are the five fingers. The first of all things to be aimed at by the moral leader of the Indian people is to do away with these terrible religious differences. Therefore, "Hindu-Muslim unity," the unity between the two great religions of India, forms the very beginning of his program.

Let us get the second point in his program: "Prohibition of all drinks and drugs from the sacred soil of India." That is the second part of his program—no more opium being sold by government opium monopolies.

The third point in his program is: "Woman's equality with man." Mahatma Gandhi through and through stands for Indian womanhood and in his own asram the women have in every single thing equality with the men of the asram where he lives.

The fourth point in his program is: "Removal of Untouchability." This refers to that class in the country—the depressed class, the class which was outcast hitherto, which in South India is called the pariah class —shall be depressed no longer, in subjection no longer, but shall have in every single way the same rights as the highest Brahmin in the land. Gandhi stands for that—the removal of all untouchability. To show how he carries it out (he has a family of four sons, no daughters), he has taken a little pariah child as his own daughter and introduced her into his own family.

The last, and perhaps in some way the greatest of all points in his program—for I speak today as a villager, as one of those agricultural people who number ninety per cent of the population—is what we call in India, *Khadder*. This word means home-spinning and home-weaving—the making in the villages themselves of the cloth the people use. He wishes the people in the villages to use their spare time in home-spinning, when, on account of the heat and the dryness of the soil, they cannot possibly do agricultural work. This ninety per cent of India must not be kept unemployed for five months in the year, but rather use the months of unemployment (when they cannot do agricultural work) in home-spinning and home-weaving. He declares that as soon as the economic program of India is complete, and Indian poverty is mitigated by having two hands to work with—one of home-spinning and the other of agriculture—then India will be comparatively prosperous. It will raise its head out of the dust of poverty—poverty such as there is none in the world today; it will gather strength through the effort, through the industry itself, through rising out of lethargy into activity; it will, through those moral efforts, raise itself morally and demand morally *Swaraj*, where today in depression it can only think of poverty and misery.

That, then, is the fivefold program: (1) Hindu-Muslim unity, (2) Prohibition of all drinks and drugs, (3) Women's equality with men, (4) Removal of all Untouchability, and (5) *Khadder*, or home-spinning in all our 750,000 villages.

That is the program, but here is the wrist which binds the fingers together. What is the wrist? The wrist is *Ahimsa*. "A" is the "alpha" of Greek. It means "not." "Himsa" is violence. Mahatma Gandhi says: "We must get the whole of our program by moral means, not by violent means; we must get it all through soul force, through moral force, not by violence."

Here then are his five points and the principle of non-violence. I have seen that program actually at work. Mahatma Gandhi went to Assam, which was opium-ridden. The consumption of opium was many times greater than that allowed by the League of Nations quota. The addiction was terrible. He went there and preached his message of complete moral repulsion against this drug. He went into the villages; he went there and told addicts even of twenty years' addiction that they must, through soul force, give up the drug. He had such magnetic power, such spiritual power, over those addicts that in that one visit, lasting two months, he reduced the opium consumption in Assam by twenty-five per cent, and it has never gone up since.

That shows what can be done by soul force. Two years after he had been in Assam, I went round those villages myself. I saw the addicts, and questioned them face to face. Many told me that through Mahatma Gandhi's spiritual encouragement they had given up the opium habit and had never taken to it again. One whom I asked (it is a wonderful thing to think of) said that for twenty years previously he had been an addict, eating opium every day of his life, and that now he had given it up completely. I said to him: "Did it cause you agony?"

He said: "No, I hardly felt it at all."

He was in such spiritual exaltation under Mahatma Gandhi's influence that he actually was able to get over the pangs of opium addiction lightly and freely.

There, then, is the full program. What is the trouble today? The trouble is that we—I speak as an Indian for the moment—must carry out this program for ourselves, and at every step in the way we shall be blocked, if we haven't got the complete and absolute freedom that is needed today to carry out this great program. We do not want to have at every hand a third party who may be appealed to by the weaker elements in India against the stronger party. We want to carry it out unmolested in our own way; and, God willing, we shall do it.

In conclusion, I want to say one more word about the moral atmosphere of India; for it is, above all, necessary for the West to understand there the East. The East has today got an impression of the West, owing to what has happened in the War and after the War, through the Treaty of Versailles, and all the things that were promised—self-determination, and the like—the East has got an impression that the West's own promises have not been fulfilled. Today the East is distrusting the West. Profound distrust is there in the East for the West. They do not believe the West's promises any longer. They do not believe professions of faith any longer. The only thing they believe is deeds, deeds, deeds, and not words. That is the great point to remember; and I am thankful to say that from America there have been some noble deeds which have distinctly modified the impression of the East with regard to the West. The young East today says the only thing the West cares for is force; the only thing the West cares for is physical force; but you have sent from this great country to my country, India, medical helpers such as those of the great Rockefeller Foundation, who are doing noble work. And there are many

noble missionaries, also, who have identified themselves with India, like Bishop F. B. Fisher of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and many others, who have really been able to give to India in her hour of need the deepest sympathy, love and affection which has been returned in tenfold measure. Such love restores confidence and trust.

This is what India needs today. She needs gestures of friendship, gestures of good-will, gestures of kindness, not any longer the holding down by force. For any such holding down by force can only lead to further and further misery and further racial bitterness.

Let me tell you one thing about my own country, Great Britain, of which I am intensely proud, and that is the way in the last few years the Indian Government and the British Government together have wiped out far the greater part of the opium evil from India. I want to affirm this here today, because I have been the strongest opponent of the Indian Government when I did not believe in its opium policy; but under our present Viceroy, Lord Irwin, and his predecessor, and under those who are carrying out his orders, we have really cleaned up the situation in a way that would have been incredible only five years ago. I give the greatest credit to your American statesmen also for this new situation. They walked out of the World Conference at Geneva in protest against India and Great Britain. I think that gesture gave us a shaking, and we have learned our lesson.

This, then, is all that I have to say. Let us treat India with moral force; let us meet her soul force with soul force. That is the true pathway of the future

—*C. F. Andrews.*

The Study Table

Bible and Church

Here* is an especially interesting and valuable book on the Bible and Christianity. It is written by a layman, an able and successful practicing lawyer in New York, and therefore reveals all the freshness and vigor of a mind unspoiled by systematic theological training. This is not Mr. Guggenheimer's first venture into the field of authorship; he has already written one of the best and most popular books in interpretation of the Einstein theory, and thus has proved his capacity to handle difficult questions abounding in intricate details of knowledge. What he accomplished so ably in his study of Einstein's work he has now accomplished again on a much wider scale in this impressive survey of the need of a new Bible and a creedless church.

Mr. Guggenheimer's canvas is large. His opening chapters embody a long and detailed survey of the Old Testament and the New, a kind of running commentary from the standpoint of the best critical knowledge of our day of the content of these two historical canons of scripture. I found his presentation of the New Testament of particular interest since the author is a Jew of trained mind and liberal spirit, and thus is able to present the material of the Christian documents from an unusual point of view. As we read these chapters we thought of Joseph Klausner and his biography of Jesus. This part of the book ends with a chapter on the "need of a new Bible." Here Mr. Guggenheimer is the modern man who is able to "admire the Bible's beauty and insight in the light of the times in which it was written," and at the same time recognize that it has no fundamental or final religious or philosophic authority, and that it must yield therefore its position of spiritual primacy to the nobler literature which these later ages of a higher civilization can well produce. "Such a book," says Mr. Guggenheimer, "cannot be made to order. Some day it will come. It will be the product of a great and feeling scholarship."

Following his study of the Bible, the author turns to wider scientific and religious questions. He writes of the origin and evolution of the world, and of the evolution of man, and of religion in the life of man. After sketching the primitive history of the race he follows the march of human progress from Greece and Rome down along the highway marked out by Christianity in our western world. He tells of the renaissance, of the contemporary triumphs of science, of the new developments of ethics and philosophy, all leading to a rationalistic and idealistic statement of the function of the church today. Mr. Guggenheimer sees the need of a creedless church, a church which shall be free of old dogmas and traditions and unfettered by the bonds of creeds. He would have a church that would use the best scientific knowledge of the time and direct it toward solving our pressing moral and social problems. Belief to his mind is immaterial in the church, but morality is central and must be directed by the guiding power of intelligence. The new church will be socially-minded, thoroughly rational in its viewpoint and outlook, utterly democratic in its removal of all racial and sectarian prejudice, and yet aristocratic in its recommendation of a leadership based on intelligent learning and public spirit. He has not worked out the relation of the church to the community, as for example it is now worked out by the community church movement, but he has caught the vision of the church of the future and thus in this book laid a ground-work, so to speak, for the building of that edifice of the trained mind and the brotherly spirit in which will worship the future society of men.

It is interesting to see how the old and terrible alienation between Jew and Christian has disappeared from the mind of the enlightened man who wrote this enlightened book. The traditional war of persecution and hate between these unhappy peoples is ended so far as this book is concerned. The author thinks of men only in terms of their intelligence and high spirit; and in their common quest of truth and in their common devotion to the needs of human kind, he finds a unity of spirit which shall be for them the bond of peace.

Mr. Guggenheimer proves his thesis—the need of a new Bible and a creedless church—and thus joins the ever-growing number of those who are leading the way out of the bondage and division of the unhappy past into the freedom and brotherhood of the days that are to come.

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

*"The Need of a New Bible and a Creedless Church," by Samuel H. Guggenheimer. Published by Greenberg, New York.

A Great Theologian

Bishop McConnell has rendered many distinguished services to contemporary civilization. But none of them, in the opinion of your reviewer, equals in value his latest book* on the life and philosophy of Borden Parker Bowne. Bishop McConnell has the rare ability of writing philosophical argument and exposition in a style that any reader of ordinary intelligence can understand. One feels that he is thoroughly at home in fields where many of us must grope our way, and never be quite sure that we are not getting into no thoroughfare roads.

The book itself is a masterly exposition of the philosophy of a man who for practically all of his long academic career was professor of philosophy in Boston University. During the first years of his teaching there he was much engaged with criticism of Herbert Spencer's interpretation of the then comparatively new evolutionary philosophy. Men of religion who liked to feel that they were informed in the newest lines of thought were reading Herbert Spencer and his enthusiastic exponent in America, John Fiske, with avidity. While Bishop McConnell feels and says that Bowne did not rightly appraise the valuable service which these men rendered in familiarizing men's minds with the changes in thought which the doctrine of evolution was bound to bring, he yet is quite convinced that Bowne's strictures on Spencer and his satellites were wholly justified.

Bowne's ultimate in thinking was the self. His criticism of Spencer was based here. The self, as a judging, evaluating somewhat, sitting as a unitary agent reviewing all the evidence presented to it formed also the corner stone of all his philosophic structure. To those who have not been pretty familiar with the extent to which psychological and philosophical skepticism have gone, may wonder that one should need to make such a strenuous defense of the soul or self. Bowne saw, and saw correctly, that invalidation of the self as the unitary agent in knowledge undermined all the information and the inferences deduced therefrom which the mind received and worked upon. Thus the very skepticism lacked the convincing power it should have had.

In his chapter on Realism the whole problem of knowledge of the outside world is discussed with cogency. The philosophy of Berkeley is given very respectful treatment, but solipsism comes in for the merry scorn of both Bowne and McConnell. The tornado which wrecks one's house is probably not a mere subjective experience of the beholder. One knows there is an outside world, and is convinced that it reports itself correctly to the mind. Or better, that the mind is capable of receiving correct impressions from that which is not itself. It is not mocked.

In the chapters on Theism and Personalism the exposition reaches the peak of the tide. The outside world we find, we do not create it. The interpretation of it is the supreme problem of metaphysics and philosophy. The ground fact which enables us to live in our world is that that world is intelligible; the outpointing mind goes out to it and finds it responding in ways that can be understood. How far does this intelligibility go? Without asserting or even assuming that this correspondence reaches to the infinities of the universe, it is not too much to believe that there is no assignable limit at which one will find the sign "no thoroughfare." Minds that deal with the higher mathematics, with astro-physics, the Eddingtons, Einsteins, and all minds that can think without visualization, or at best with only symbols, do not doubt the results of their calculations and deductions. Such minds breathe a rarefied atmosphere, but find their world none the less intelligible than do we who must live in the valleys of thought.

Professor Bowne goes a step beyond. Always firmly he stands on that which is the foundation of his thinking, personality. No thought without a person thinking, is his slogan. He moves on from the thought of intelligibility in the universe to personality therein. The various objections to personality on so grand a scale are taken up and dealt with in order. But Bowne realized and frankly admitted that the existence of God cannot be proved. But with keen dialectic he and his biographer make it clear that this admitted non-proof of God does not stand over against the proof of the non-existence of God of the atheist. He too can go only on an assumption. So that as between the theist and the atheist there is the choice of two tremendous assumptions, with the weight of argument, according to the rugged logic of our two protagonists, on the side of personality in the universe answering to the personality of the thinker. The arguments in these chapters move on a high plane. One cannot always tell where Bowne leaves off and McConnell begins. One hopes that Bishop McConnell may follow this volume with one in which he makes this point more clear. Two questions emerge for which one wishes an answer from the author. The first he raises himself but does not answer; namely whether Professor Bowne considered seriously the question of the possibility of a Reality higher than personality. The concept of an infinite personality is so staggering that one is prone to fall back upon some other interpretation of the universe. But anything other than personality is less than personality. One feels that Bishop McConnell himself leans to an interpretation of the universe which is superpersonal rather than infrapersonal.

The second question is partially dealt with, What is Reality? While in a way it is closely akin to the first, the answer to it might well be a book by itself. Bishop McConnell, following the idea that the higher types of thinking may well be beyond the range of picturization, suggests that Reality may indeed be Thought itself.

Your reviewer considers this the most valuable book he has read in a long time. Besides being a refreshing view of one's earlier instruction in philosophy, it also meets with great effectiveness much of the thought of our time which fails to recognize that real thinking must go below the surface of things; must realize that the very data which are often used to prove the inability of the mind to get reality, have themselves been secured by the very mind processes which they are supposed to invalidate. The book is commended especially to those who find themselves losing hold on reality, and to be floundering in their thinking. Behaviorism may be right, Humanism may be right, but before one accepts them in any sense of finality he would do well to give himself a rigorous mental discipline. Your reviewer has found nothing better than Bishop McConnell's exposition of the neo-idealistic philosophy.

JAMES A. FAIRLEY.

*"Borden Parker Bowne," by Francis John McConnell. The Abingdon Press. $3.00.

New Books

Vincent Starrett is one of the sane-insane bibliophile-bibliomaniacs. He has now put out a book[1] on book-collecting, which is aimed at the beginner. What can be thought of a man who encourages *beginners* in a mania which is bound to wreck anyone who has it? The first of the ten essays in the book is, *Have You a Tamerlane in Your Attic?* It is calculated—nay, it is intended—to set you rummaging. You know, of course, that the case is hopeless; that you will never get your $10,000 for the miserable "worthless bibelot" for which you are seeking. Yet some one in Worcester *did,* and Starrett takes credit for starting the search. He does not tell us whether the Worcester party halved with him. Probably *not;* and, if not, dirty mean! But you will look just the same. Why shouldn't the seventh copy be in your garret? It's just as good a garret as any in Worcester. Starrett leaves us with the feeling that after all he is financially well to the good in this business of collecting books. He is such a wise guy that he buys when the buying is good and sells when the selling is better. All his talk about the leanness of the journalistic purse is intended to throw us off the trail. The man who finds six "Misadventures of John Nicholson" at ten cents apiece and unloads two copies at $30 each and the other four at $25, is making a fair return on his money, out for eight days. If he keeps it up, his lean journalistic purse should fatten considerably. Of course he has not done such things every day. If only he has kept account, one would like to know just how far ahead he is in cold cash at the end of his years of collecting. He tells beginners quite earnestly:

> There is no shame to be taken, however, in speculating with books and a very decent income may be achieved in that field. With a sufficient knowledge of the needs of the better dealers, an earnest and energetic young man—or, for that matter, young woman—may earn in his spare time anywhere from fifty to a hundred dollars a week.

But Starrett's book is not really given over to the sordid dollars and cents aspect of the thing. All the essays are delightfully written and they deal with rarities, first editions, rebinding, presentation copies, study of catalogues, autographs, bookplates. There is sound advice scattered through them and many a bit of useful information. *On the rebinding of books* is a gem, which deserves to be broadcast. While he is rather severe on Miss Wells, Miss Carolyn Wells, I suspect that she deserves all that he gives her. At the end he lets her down gently.

> One can only feel sorry for Miss Wells. She knew no better than to follow the glittering highroad, and apparently her purse was equal to the strain. But no wonder she failed to enjoy it! How could she have expected to? Anybody with money can shut his eyes and spend it. It is not an achievement; it takes no skill; there is nothing in the fact to be proud of.

He puts the real spirit of the true collector into these words regarding himself: "Today my collecting is along the byways, and far indeed from the beaten track of even the lesser collectors. It is my pleasure to collect the editions of certain writers whose work I admire, but whose excellence is less apparent to others than to myself. It is my pleasure to collect the numerous editions of single works whose merits are to me conspicuous—as for instance "Omar Khayyam" and "Aucassin and Nicollette" and the *ana* of such quiescent mysteries as that of "Edwin Drood."

Last year was widely celebrated as the Tercentenary of John Bunyan's birth. A new interest was taken in the life and writings of the great preacher, writer, non-conformist. Exhibitions were made; special programs were carried out; new editions of his books were printed; and a flood of books treating of Bunyan appeared. Of these two have come to our table.[2] The publishers of William Hamilton Nelson's "Tinker and Thinker: John Bunyan," speak of it as a "robust, lively story." The author read Pilgrim's Progress when he was a boy of sixteen. He says:

> When I got through reading the book I had been completely revolutionized. In the language of both books (Pilgrims Progress and the Bible) I had been born again. It changed the whole current of my life.

From such an experience, this book has its character and flavor. It is sharply divided into two parts; the life and writings of the tinker and thinker. In speaking of Bunyan's writings he says: "He was intensely colloquial, but every natural writer is." Of an early edition of Pilgrim's Progress he says: "To make it de-luxer still there were some fearfully and wonderfully made wood-cuts added." Our author, "saturated with the book," does his best to follow it both in style and in art. He is clearly a *"natural"* writer and even more intense in the use of the colloquial than Bunyan himself. The illustrations, of which there are fortunately few, can compete as fearfully and wonderfully made wood-cuts with any of those in the old editions. The book is small enough and "robust" enough to be read at a sitting.

Speight's "The Life and Times of John Bunyan" is distinctly less "robust and lively" than Nelson's book. In fact, after the Tinker and Thinker it reads with a little of drag and tedium. It is however an excellent book, so excellent that it was selected by the Religious Book Club as one of its regular readings; so excellent that W. E. Barton says: "I hardly think anyone can tell the Bunyan story more interestingly, or better relate the literature to the life story of the man." Such praise from Dr. Barton means much for his own literary work has been largely in the field of biography—and be it said in passing that Professor Speight is *Professor of Biography*—a rather new and unusual chair in our educational institutions. Professor Speight is an Englishman, and "thus has the English appreciation of Bunyan," which means probably that he would never lose himself in the expression of any weak enthusiasm. The book is a book-man's book, with cautious but just statement, with critical and literary treatment. Naturally, it goes more fully and in more scholarly fashion into Bunyan's various writings than Nelson's does, though the reading of it with this expectation, brought out the fact that Nelson does more, and better, in this direction than we realized. Speight goes more fully into a critical analysis of Bunyan's makeup, and devotes more space to discovery "sources" and "influences" in Bunyan's masterpiece. The books are so different that they may well be read together. Either is a good book by itself; they so well piece each other out, that it is not wasted time to read them both.

We intend to keep up with *The Pioneer Life Series.* By now it has run to quite a dozen volumes and all are worth while. Professor Driggs is responsible for finding the pioneers, receiving their stories, and putting these into shape for publication. He has found an interesting and varied group and has done good service in making their doings known. This time it is a

1. **Penny Wise and Book Foolish.** Vincent Starrett. New York: 1929. Covici-Fried, Inc. 800 pp. 200. $3.00.

2. **Tinker and Thinker: John Bunyan.** William Hamilton Nelson. Chicago: 1928. Willett, Clark and Colby. 16 mo. pp. 169. $1.50.
The Life and Writings of John Bunyan. Harold E. Speight. New York: 1928. Harper & Brothers. 16 mo. pp. xxii. 224. $2.00.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

WHY TAGORE ABANDONED HIS AMERICAN TOUR

A representative of The Japan Adviser (an American owned paper published in Tokio) came to interview the Poet shortly after his arrival in Tokio (11th May, 1929) with a view to find out the truth about the various conflicting and sensational accounts in the newspapers regarding the Poet's sudden departure from America.

"I know there is a good deal of misunderstanding about my not staying in America and I shall try to explain to you why I came away from there."

"I had a delightful time in Canada and we had very successful meetings. The Canadian people were eager to keep me in their country for a longer time and I was invited to visit Toronto, Montreal and other eastern cities. Canada is a young country, sensitive to the appeal of finer things and not at all sophisticated. I was drawn towards the Canadian people and had a very great desire to know them better. So, I was tempted to accept their invitation."

"But I was under the impression that a previous engagement to lecture to an American University in the third week of April had been made on my behalf and I thought it would not be fair to put off this engagement in order to visit the cities of Canada. Some American friends in India represented to me that they were approaching me on behalf of an American University and I accordingly agreed to deliver a series of lectures in April and May."

"I was asked by the U. S. Immigration authorities at Vancouver to go to their office in person with my papers. My secretary had asked the Immigration Officer to fix an hour for the examination and at the appointed hour, I went to the office. After I had waited for about half-an-hour, the officer came to the door, saw me and without taking any notice of me, went on talking to some one who had then come. After finishing that, he silently beckoned to me to come into the room and then curtly pointed to a chair with a nod of his head. I was then asked the usual questions about my ability to pay my passage, whether I had independent means of livelihood as long as I remained in the States, and I was warned of the penalty that I shall incur if I overstayed in the States the period of time allowed to me by the officer."

"I had visited the States before but I never had such experience. I thought of cancelling my proposed visit to the States; but I had already reserved my accommodation in the train and said good-bye to my friends. I arrived at Los Angeles and I felt something in the air—a cultivated air of suspicion and general incivility towards Asiatics. I was assured that the Immigration Regulations were made in the application particularly humiliating to all Asiatics. I felt that I should not stay in a country on sufferance. It was not a question of personal grievance or of ill-treatment from some particular officer. I felt the insult was directed towards all Asiatics and I made up my mind to leave a country where there was no welcome for ourselves."

"I have read books written by the best authors of the States, I have great friends in America and I have great regard for your people. But I have also my responsibility towards those whom you classify as colored people of whom I am one. I am a representative of Asiatic peoples and I could not remain in a country where Asiatics were not wanted."

"I would like you to understand that in my mind I make a distinction between the people and the immigration laws and the method of their application and administration. The particular immigration officer had acquired the habit of treating all Asiatics rudely because of the regulations which he was administering. I am very glad that the officer did not treat me differently because I might have some reputation but treated me as an Oriental and as a colored man. The ordinary civility between gentleman and gentleman was lacking in his treatment, but this was entirely due to the fact that he had been dealing with Asiatics and the Immigration Regulations had given his attitude of mind."

"I did not want to create a sensation because I hate publicity, so, I said nothing about this at all. But I had an American companion who was

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photographer—and such a photographer! The world is indebted to William H. Jackson for its first real knowledge of the scenic wonders of our great West.[3] He was born at Keeseville, New York, in the picturesque scenery of the Au Sable canyon. His father was a daguerreotypist, his mother an artist. As a boy he played with the parts of a camera and sketched whatever caught his fancy. From the age of fifteen years, he was dependent upon art for his living. He did his part in the Civil War and then drifted west, turning his hand to anything, but always coming back to the camera. When the Union Pacific Railroad was completed he photographed the scenery along that route. He rigged out a traveling-photographer's equipment with which he went far and wide. In 1868 his headquarters and home studio were at Omaha. Here in 1870, Doctor F. V. Hayden, director of the United States Geological Survey, prevailed upon him to join his party, crossing Wyoming. No actual salary was paid him, but his expenses were guaranteed and the negatives remained his own. The result was so satisfactory, that the following year he was the official photographer of the survey, on salary. He retained that relation until 1878, when the Hayden Survey was discontinued. During those nine seasons he made extensive and extremely difficult expeditions through the entire Rocky Mountain region, from Montana and Wyoming, through Colorado and Utah, down to the Mexican border. It was before the day of the dry plate and film, the kodak, and easy photography. The wet process was the one in use and the chemicals, the glass plates, the cameras, and the entire outfit had to be carried on mules or on one's own shoulders over difficult trails and through an untracked wilderness. The plates had to be sensitized, the development done, in dark-rooms rigged out in difficult surroundings. If prints were to be made, the paper too had to be sensitized in the field, at the time of use. The story of this achievement is an interesting one and well told. When your reviewer was a young teacher he was overcome with joy, when the United States Geological Survey presented him a selection of these wonderful Jackson photographs. They were of large size, printed directly from the original negatives. Geysers of the Yellowstone in eruption, the wonderful frilled basins produced from the hot waters, the erosion features of Colorado, the cliff ruins of the Mancos Canyon, views of the Pueblos and Pueblo life—have there ever been photographs which produced a greater sensation or aroused a keener interest? All were the work of this pioneer photographer. He is still hale and hearty at eighty-six years. Such a man and such a work deserve remembrance. The little book is abundantly illustrated, many of the pictures being reproductions of those early views.

FREDERICK STARR.

3. **The Pioneer Photographer.** William H. Jackson and Howard R. Driggs. Yonkers-on-Hudson: 1928. World Book Co. 16 mo. pp. xiv. 314. $1.40.

Note

Mr. Holmes's poem, "O Palestine, Thou Holy Land," which appeared in UNITY last Christmas season, is included in William Stanley Braithwaite's "Anthology of American Verse for 1929," which has just been published by George Sully & Company, New York.

evidently indignant at the treatment that I had received and it was he who told the newspapermen about this business, after I had left Los Angeles; he used some strong American epithets which I never use and that is how it appeared in the newspapers. I am sorry, for I think it somewhat undignified and moreover in the newspaper reports the wrong emphasis has been put."

"You must make it quite clear that I have no antipathy or bitterness against the American people, but I must say that the Immigration Regulations against and the manner of their application towards eastern and colored people are uncivilized and barbarous."

NOISE

Noise and its effect on the nervous system, and the desirability of diminishing it in the American home was among the problems considered at the sessions of the American Home Economics Association.

The discussion was led by *Dr. Laird,* of the psychological library at *Colgate.* Noise, he told the homemakers, causes a fear reaction, and fear, as is well known, produces involuntary bodily changes, including effects on digestion and the blood pressure.

"For more than a year," he said, "we have been following through the effects of city noise on white rats—yielding results it would take thirty years' observation on humans to obtain. Startling effects have been recorded. For instance, the rats kept in relative quiet eat two or three per cent more food than their brothers and sisters that are kept under the electrically duplicated city noises; but with only this small advantage in appetite, the rats kept under the conditions of quiet grow about ten per cent more rapidly. These scientifically controlled observations on animals are paralleled and confirmed by measurements of city and country school children, which reveal almost invariably a greater rate of growth among the country boys and girls.

"Mankind in urban centers has reached a point in the conscious adaptation to noise resembling the complacent frog, which can be boiled alive if only the temperature is raised by very slight degrees. It does not spare the frog's skin that he does not feel the water persistently becoming warmer, and it may not save our skins that we do not notice noise any more."

Short skirts have added appreciably to the noise factor in the office and elsewhere. "In the early 1900's," he said, "the late Wallace Sabine, who laid the foundations for acoustical work, discovered that the clothed adult of the day presented 4.7 sound absorption units . . . That this is of more than passing interest is revealed by the experience of a London music hall long famous for its acoustical properties, which has just installed many square feet of sound absorption material to compensate for the loss of absorption due to the changed mode of feminine attire.

"It takes more energy to sleep under modern noise conditions. Even the soft pat-pat of stockinged feet through the sleeping chamber results in the sleeper's muscles tightening. . . . While it is hazardous to state in exact figures, it can be suspected that an hour should be added to our national sleep period in order to protect man from the severe test to which noise is subjecting him while asleep and awake."—*The Boston Herald.*

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